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POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

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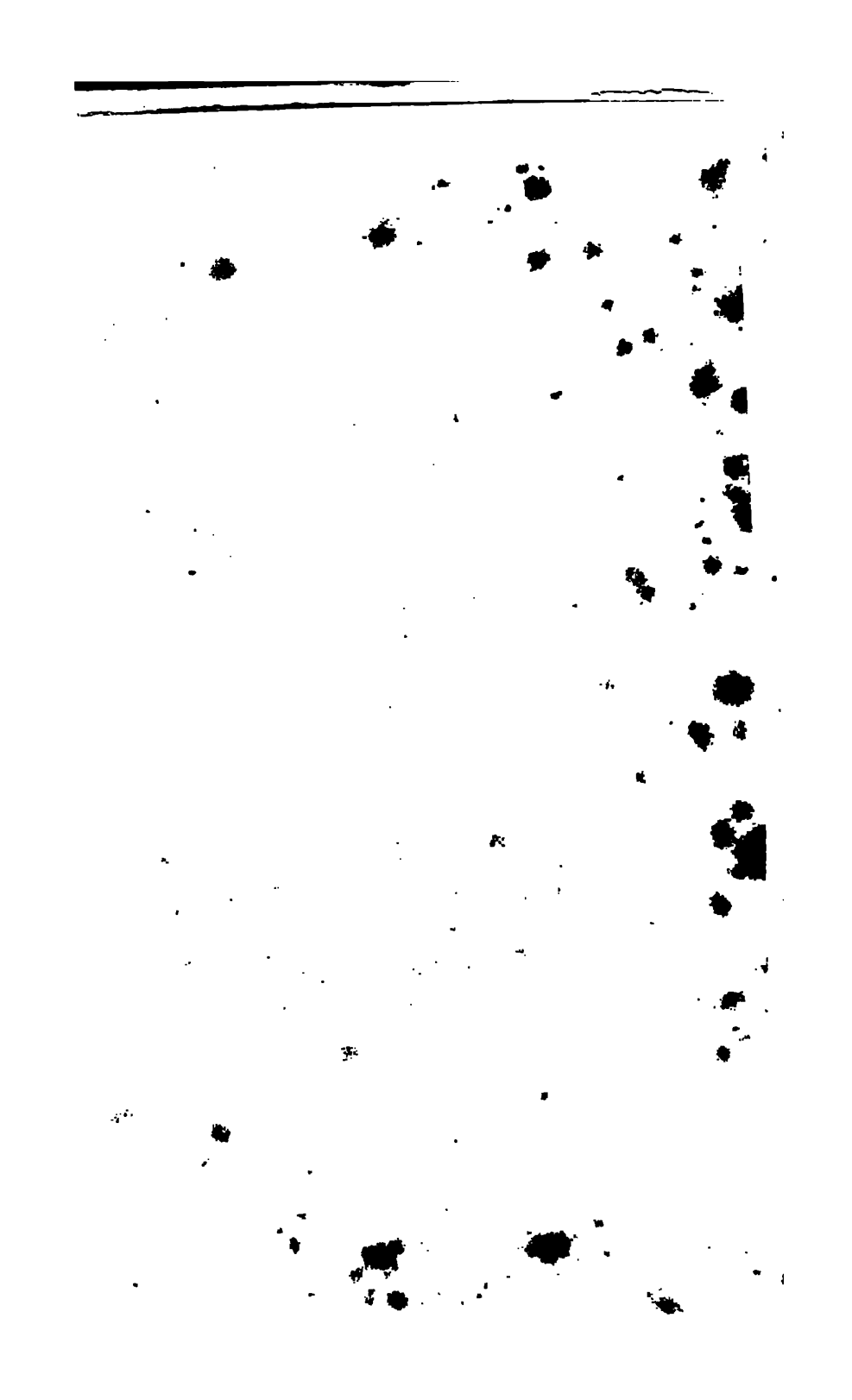

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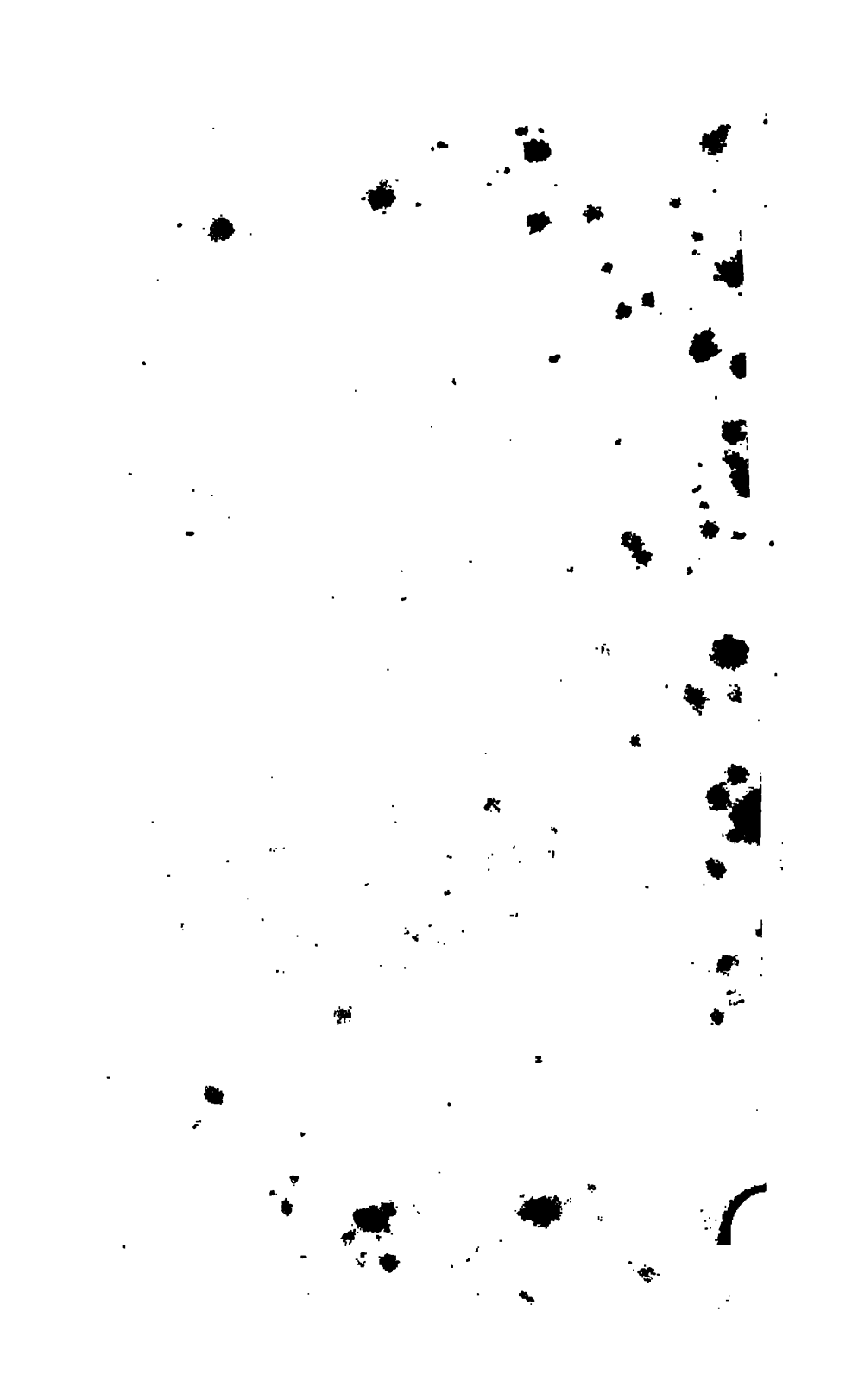

ROBERT BURNS

POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

VOL. I.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A SCOTTISH Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poe-

Edinr. 10/29

tic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Eliſha—at the Plough ; *and threw her inſpiring* mantle *over me. She bade me ſing the loves, the joys, the rural ſcenes and rural pleaſures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue : I tuned my wild, artleſs notes, as ſhe inſpired.—She whiſpered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection : I now obey her dictates.*

Though much indebted to your goodneſs, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the uſual ſtyle of dedication, to thank you for paſt favours : that path is ſo hackneyed by proſtituted Learning, that honeſt Ruſticity is aſhamed of it.—Nor do I preſent this Addreſs with the venal ſoul of a ſervile Author, looking for a continuation of thoſe favours : I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottiſh name with you, my illuſtrious

illuſtrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes ſtill runs uncontaminated; and that, from your courage, knowledge, and public ſpirit, ſhe may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the laſt place, I come to proffer my warmeſt wiſhes to the Great Fountain of honour, the Monarch of the Univerſe, for your welfare and happineſs.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amuſement of your Forefathers, may Pleaſure ever be of your party; and may Social Joy await your return! When haraſſed in courts or camps with the juſtlings of bad men and bad meaſures, may the honeſt conſciouſneſs of injured worth attend your return to your native ſeats; and may domeſtic Happineſs, with a ſmiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption ſhrink at your kindling

kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiouſneſs in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the ſincereſt gratitude and higheſt reſpect,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH,
April 4. 1787.

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POEMS,

POEMS,

CHIEFLY

SCOTTISH.

THE

TWA DOGS,

A

TALE.

'TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil,*
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The firſt I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæſar*,
Was keepit for his Honor's pleaſure:
His hair, his ſize, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit ſome place far abroad,
Where ſailors gang to fiſh for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw braſs collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and ſcholar:
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he;
But wad hae ſpent an hour careſſin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypſey's meſſin:
At kirk or market, mill or ſmiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er ſae duddie,
But he wad ſtan't, as glad to ſee him,
And ſtroan't on ſtanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,

Wh

Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After ſome dog in Highland ſang *,
Was made lang ſyne,—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gaſh an' faithful tyke,
As ever lap a ſheugh or dyke.
His honeſt, ſonſie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
His breaſt was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' gloſſy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a ſwirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' ſocial noſe whyles ſnuff'd an' ſnowkit,
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;

* Cuchullin's dog in Oſſian's Fingal.

Whyles ſcour'd awa in lang excurſion,
An' worry'd ither in diverſion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they ſat them down,
And there began a lang digreſſion
About the *lords o' the creation.*

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honeſt *Luath,*
What ſort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I ſaw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his ſtents:
He riſes when he likes himſel;
His flunkies anſwer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horſe;
He draws a bonie ſilken purſe,

As

As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the ſteeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roaſting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry firſt are ſtechin,
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' ſauce, ragouts, an' ſicklike traſhtrie,
That's little ſhort o' downright waſtrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blaſtit wonner,
Poor worthleſs elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honor has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's paſt my comprehenſion.

LUATH.

Trowth, *Cæſar*, whyles they're faſh't enough;
A cottar howkin in a ſheugh,

Wi' dirty ſtanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and ſicklike,
Himſel, a wife, he thus ſuſtains,
A ſmytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' daurg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' ſair diſaſters,
Like loſs o' health, or want o' maſters,
Ye maiſt wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun ſtarve o' cauld and hunger:
But, how it comes, I never kend yet,
They're maiſtly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in ſic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to ſee how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and diſreſpeckit!

L—d,

L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' ſic cattle;
They gang as ſaucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a ſtinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, ſcant o' caſh,
How they maun thole a factor's ſnaſh:
He'll ſtamp an' threaten, curſe an' ſwear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun ſtan', wi' aſpect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I ſee how folk live that hae riches;
But ſurely poor folk maun be wretches?

LUATH.

They're nae ſae wretched's ane wad think;
Tho' conſtantly on poortith's brink:
They're ſae accuſtom'd wi' the ſight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are ſae guided,
They're ay in leſs or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' cloſe employment,
A blink o' reſt's a ſweet enjoyment.

The deareſt comfort o' their lives,
Their gruſhie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are juſt their pride,
That ſweetens a' their fire-ſide.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;

They

They lay aſide their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and prieſts,
Wi' kindling fury in their breaſts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on.*

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmaſs returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When *rural life,* o' ev'ry ſtation,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit ſlaps; an' ſocial Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on froſty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' ſheds a heart-inſpiring ſteam;
The luntin pipe, an' ſneeſhin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;

The

The cantie auld folks, crackin crouſe;
The young anes rantin thro' the houſe,—
My heart has been ſae fain to ſee them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae ſaid,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable ſtock
O' decent, honeſt, fawſont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some raſcal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himſel the faſter
In favour wi' ſome gentle Maſter,
Wha, ablins, thrang a-parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his ſoul indentin——

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.

Say

Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
An' ſaying *aye* or *no*'s they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, maſquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,
To mak a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' ſee the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Verſailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian viſta ſtartles,
Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles:
Then bouſes drumly German water,
To mak himſel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the conſequential ſorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival ſignoras.

For Britain's guid! for her deſtruction!
Wi' diſſipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear ſirs! is that the gate
They waſte ſae mony a braw eſtate!
Are we ſae foughten an' haraſs'd
For gear to gang that gate at laſt!

O would they ſtay aback frae courts,
An' pleaſe themſelves wi' countra ſports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or ſpeakin lightly o' their limmer,
Or ſhootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Maſter *Cæſar*,
Sure great folks life's a life o' pleaſure;
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can ſteer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na ſtarve or ſweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or ſimmer's heat;
They've nae ſair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are ſic fools,
For a' their colleges and ſchools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themſels to vex them;
An' ay the leſs they hae to ſturt them,
In like proportion leſs will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, ſhe's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warſt,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curſt.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneaſy;
Their days inſipid, dull, an' taſteleſs;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' reſtleſs;
An' ev'n their ſports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places.
There's ſic paráde, ſic pomp, an' art,
The joy can ſcarcely reach the heart.
The men caſt out in party matches,
Then ſowther a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Nieſt day their life is paſt enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in cluſters,
As great and gracious a' as ſiſters;

But hear their abſent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They ſip the ſcandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's ſtackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's ſome exception, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the ſun was out o' ſight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night:
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye ſtood rowtin i' the loan:
When up they gat, and ſhook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs*;
An' each took aff his ſeveral way,
Reſolv'd to meet ſome ither day.

SCOTCH

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him ſtrong drink, until he wink,
That's ſinking in deſpair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's preſt wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouſe, an' deep carouſe,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves *or* debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raiſe a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' ſtories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I ſing the juice *Scots bear* can mak us,
In glaſs or jug.

O thou, my *Muſe!* guid auld *Scotch Drink!*
Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inſpire me, till I liſp and wink,
To ſing thy name!

Let huſky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits ſet up their awnie horn,
An' Peaſe and Beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In ſouple ſcones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy ſtrong heart's blood,
There thou ſhines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin;
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, ſcrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou ſtrings the nerves o' Labor ſair,
At's weary toil;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Deſpair
Wi' gloomy ſmile.

Aft, clad in maſſy ſiller weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou are the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the ſaunts,
By thee inſpir'd,
When gaping they beſiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O ſweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year morning
In cog or bicker,
An' juſt a wee drap ſp'ritual burn in,
An' guſty ſucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to ſee thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup!
Then *Burnewin* comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or ſteel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' ſturdy wheel,
The ſtrong forehammer,
Till block an' ſtuddie ring an' reel
Wi' dinſome clamour.

When ſkirlin weanies ſee the light,
Thou maks the goſſips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies ſlight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a ſocial night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' juſt as wud as wud can be,
How eaſy can the *barley-bree*
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapeſt lawyer's fee,
To taſte the barrel.

Alake!

Alake! that e'er my Muſe has reaſon
To wyte her countrymen wi' treaſon!
But monie daily weet their weaſon
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's ſeaſon,
E'er ſpier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning traſh!
Fell ſource o' monie a pain an' braſh!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken haſh,
O' half his days;
An' ſends, beſide, auld Scotland's caſh
To her warſt faes.

Ye Scots, wha wiſh auld Scotland well!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackleſs devils like myſel!
It ſets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twiſts his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' ſour diſdain,
Out owre a glaſs o' *whiſky punch*
Wi' honeſt men.

O *Whiſky!* ſoul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneleſs cranks
Are my poor verſes!
Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a---s!

Thee, *Ferintoſh!* O ſadly loſt!
Scotland lament frae coaſt to coaſt!
Now colic grips, an' barkin hoaſt
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boaſt
Is ta'en awa!

Thae

Thae curſt horſe-leeches o' th' Exciſe,
Wha mak the *Whiſky ſtells* their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, ſeize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunſtane pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me ſtill
Hale breeks, a ſcone, an' *Whiſky gill*,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the reſt,
An' deal't about as thy blind ſkill
Directs thee beſt.

THE AUTHOR'S

EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Deareſt of Diſtillation! laſt and beſt!———
——How art thou loſt!———

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Iriſh Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha *repreſent* our brughs an' ſhires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Diſtilleries, of ſeſſion 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their moſt grateful thanks.

To you a ſimple Poet's prayers
Are humbly ſent.

Alas! my roupet Muſe is hearſe!
Your Honors heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To ſee her ſittin on her a—
Low i' the duſt,
An' ſcriechin out proſaic verſe,
An' like to burſt!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' *me*'s in great affliction,
E'er ſin' they laid that curſt reſtriction
On *Aquavitae*;
An' rouſe them up to ſtrong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*,
The honeſt, open, naked truth:

Tell

Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His ſervants humble:
The muckle devil blaw ye ſouth,
If ye diſſemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom;
Speak out, an' never faſh your thumb!
Let poſts an' penſions ſink or ſoom
Wi' them wha grant 'em:
If honeſtly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na ſlack;
Now ſtand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raiſe your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thriſsle;
Her mutchkin ſtoup as toom's a whiſsle;
An' d–mn'd Exciſemen in a buſsle,
Seizin a *Stell*,
Triumphant cruſhn't like a muſſel
Or lampit ſhell.

Then on the tither hand preſent her,
A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feels his heart's bluid riſing hot,
To ſee his poor auld Mither's *pot*
Thus dung in ſtaves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmoſt groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas!

Alas! I'm but a nameleſs wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' ſight!
But cou'd I like *Montgom'ries* fight,
Or gab like *Boſwell*,
There's ſome ſark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie ſome hoſe well.

God bleſs your Honors, can ye ſee't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot-heat,
Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pauſe,
An' wi' rhetoric clauſe on clauſe
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempſter,

Dempſter, a true blue Scot I'ſe warran;
Thee, aith-deteſting, chaſte *Kilkerran;*
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham;*
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erſkine, a ſpunkie Norland billie;
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay;*
An' *Livingſtone*, the bauld *Sir Willie;*
An' monie ithers,
Wham auld Demoſthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouſe, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle;*
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll ſee't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither ſang.

This

This while ſhe's been in crankous mood,
Her *loſt Militia* fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliſkie!)
An' now ſhe's like to rin red-wud
About her Whiſky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat ſhe'll kilt,
An' durk an' piſtol at her belt,
She'll tak the ſtreets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt
I' the firſt ſhe meets!

For G-d ſake, Sirs! then ſpeak her fair,
An' ſtraik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle houſe repair,
Wi' inſtant ſpeed,
An' ſtrive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead.

Yon

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cowe the caddie!
An' ſend him to his dicing box
An' ſportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock*'s
I'll be his debt twa maſhlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld *Nanſe Tinnock*'s*
Nine times a-week,
If he ſome ſcheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly ſeek.

Could he ſome *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He

* A worthy old Hoſteſs of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he ſometimes ſtudies Politics over a glaſs of gude auld *Scotch Drink*.

He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition.*

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
She's juſt a devil wi' a rung ;
An' if ſhe promiſe auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck ſhe ſhould be ſtrung,
She'll no deſert.

An' now, ye choſen *Five-and-Forty,*
May ſtill your Mither's heart ſupport ye ;
Then, though a Miniſter grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll ſnap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bleſs your Honors a' your days,
Wi' ſowps o' kail and brats o' claiſe,
In ſpite o' a' the thieviſh kaes
That haunt *St Jamie's!*
Your humble Poet ſings an' prays
While *Rab* his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-ſtarv'd ſlaves in warmer ſkies
See future wines, rich-cluſt'ring, riſe;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and friſky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their Whiſky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famiſh'd ſwarms,
The ſcented groves.

Or hounded forth, diſhonor arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their ſhouther;
They downa bide the ſtink o' powther;
Their bauldeſt thought's a hank'ring ſwither
To ſtan' or rin,
Till ſkelp—a ſhot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To ſave their ſkin.

But bring a *Scotſman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, Such is royal *George*'s will,
An' there's the foe;
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings teaſe him;
Death comes!—wi' fearleſs eye he ſees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,

His

His lateſt draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their ſolemn een may ſteek,
An' raiſe a philoſophic reek,
An' phyſically cauſes ſeek,
In clime and ſeaſon;
But tell me *Whiſky*'s name in Greek,
I'll tell the reaſon.

Scotland, my auld, reſpected Mither!
Tho' whyles ye moiſtify your leather,
Till whare ye ſit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom and *Whiſky* gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram!

THE

HOLY FAIR*.

A robe of ſeeming truth and truſt
Hid crafty Obſervation;
And ſecret hung, with poiſon'd cruſt,
The dirk of Defamation:
A maſk that like the gorget ſhow'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a ſimmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,

* *Holy Fair* is a common phraſe in the Weſt of Scotland for a ſacramental occaſion.

I walked forth to view the corn,
An' ſnuff the caller air,
The riſing ſun owre *Galſton* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' ſweet that day.

II.

As lightſomely I glowr'd abroad,
To ſee a ſcene ſae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam ſkelpin up the way:
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
Was in the faſhion ſhining,
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like ſiſters twin,
In feature, form an' claes!
Their viſage, wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' ſour as ony ſlaes;
The *third* cam up, hap-ſtep-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did ſtoop,
As ſoon as e'er ſhe ſaw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet laſs,
'I think ye ſeem to ken me;
'I'm ſure I've ſeen that bonie face,
'But yet I canna name ye.'
Quo' ſhe, an' laughin as ſhe ſpak,
An' taks me by the hands,

'Ye,

' Ye, for my ſake, hae gi'en the feck
' Of a' the ten commands
' A ſcreed ſome day.

V.

My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
' The neareſt friend ye hae;
' An' this is *Superſtition* here,
' An' that's *Hypocriſy*.
' I'm gaun to ********* *Holy Fair*,
' To ſpend an hour in daffin:
' Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
' We will get famous laughin
' At them this day.'

VI.

Quoth I, ' With a' my heart, I'll do't;
' I'll get my Sunday's ſark on,
An' meet you on the holy ſpot;
' Faith we'ſe hae fine remarkin!'

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' ſoon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae ſide to ſide,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII.

Here farmers gaſh, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
There, ſwankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are ſpringin o'er the gutters.
The laſſes, ſkelpin barefit, thrang,
In ſilks an' ſcarlets glitter;
Wi' *ſweet-milk cheeſe*, in monie a whang,
An' *farls* bak'd wi' butter
Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we ſet our noſe,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,

A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to ſee the ſhow,
On ev'ry ſide they're gathrin;
Some carrying dales, ſome chairs an' ſtools,
An' ſome are buſy blethrin
Right loud that day.

IX.

Here ſtands a ſhed to fend the ſhow'rs,
An' ſcreen our countra Gentry,
There, *racer Jeſs*, an' twa-three wh-res,
Are blinkin at the entry.
Here ſits a raw of tittlin jades,
Wi' heaving breaſt and bare neck,
An' there a batch o' wabſter lads,
Blackguarding frae K———ck
For *fun* this day.

X.

X.

Here ſome are thinkin on their ſins,
An' ſome upo' their claes;
Ane curſes feet that fyl'd his ſhins,
Anither ſighs an' prays:
On this hand ſits a choſen ſwatch,
Wi' ſcrew'd up grace-proud faces;
On that a ſet o' Chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin on the laſſes
To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man an' bleſt!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Wha's ain dear laſs, that he likes beſt,
Comes clinkin down beſide him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He ſweetly does compoſe him;

Which

Which, by degrees, ſlips round her neck,
An's loof upon her boſom
Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is ſilent expectation;
For ****** ſpeels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t--n.
Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
'Mang ſons o' G— preſent him,
The vera ſight o' ******'s face,
To's ain het hame had ſent him
Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
Now meekly calm,—now wild in wrath,
He's ſtampin an' he's jumpin!

His

His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up ſnout,
His eldritch ſqueel and geſtures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plaſters,
On ſic a day!

XIV.

But, hark! the *tent* has chang'd its voice;
There's peace an' reſt nae langer:
For a' the *real judges* riſe,
They canna ſit for anger.
***** opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV.

What ſignifies his barren ſhine,
Of moral pow'rs and reaſon?

His

His Engliſh ſtyle, an' geſture fine,
Are a' clean out o' ſeaſon.
Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
Or ſome auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
Againſt ſic poiſon'd noſtrum;
For *******, frae the water-fit,
Aſcends the holy roſtrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it;
While *Common-Senſe* has ta'en the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate *,
Faſt, faſt, that day.

XVII.

* A ſtreet ſo called, which faces the *tent* in ——.

XVII.

Wee ******, nieſt, the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith! the birkie wants a Manſe,
So, cannily he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit an' ſenſe
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now butt an' ben, the Change-houſe fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint-ſtowp clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,

They

They raiſe a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or College:
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
Be't whiſky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony ſtronger potion,
't never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' laſſes, blythely bent
To mind baith ſaul an' body,
it round the table, weel content,
An' ſteer about the toddy.

On

On this ane's dreſs, an' that ane's leuk,
They're making obſervations;
While ſome are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin aſſignations
To meet ſome day.

XXI.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echoes back return the ſhouts:
Black ****** is na ſpairin:
His piercing words, like Highlan' ſwords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera ſauls does harrow *,
Wi' fright that day.

XXII.

* Shakeſpeare's Hamlet.

XXII.

A vaſt, unbottomb'd, boundleſs pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin brunſtane,
Wha's ragin flame, an' ſcorchin heat,
Wad melt the hardeſt whun-ſtane!
The half aſleep ſtart up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin,
When preſently it does appear,
'Twas but ſome neebor ſnorin
Aſleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
How monie ſtories paſt,
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' diſmiſt:
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms and benches;

An' cheeſe an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gaſh Guidwife,
An' ſits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
The laſſes they are ſhyer.
The auld Guidmen, about the *grace*,
Frae ſide to ſide they bother,
Till ſome ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gi'es them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waeſucks! for him that gets nae laſs,
Or laſſes that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to ſay a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!

O Wives be mindfu', ance yourſel
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let laſſes be affronted
On ſic a day!

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some ſwagger hame, the beſt they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At ſlaps the billies halt a blink,
Till laſſes ſtrip their ſhoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune,
For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
O' Sinners and o' Laſſes!

Their hearts o' ſtane gin night are gane,
As ſaft as ony fleſh is.
There's ſome are fou o' love divine;
There's ſome are fou o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in houghmagandie
Some ither day.

DEATH

DEATH

AND

DOCTOR HORNBOOK,

A

TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And ſome great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n Miniſters they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,

A rouſing whid, at times, to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is juſt as true's the Deil's in h–ll,
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes ourſel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but juſt had plenty;
I ſtacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, ſtanes, an' buſhes, kenn'd ay
Frae ghaiſts an' witches.

The riſing Moon began to glowr
The diſtant *Cumnock* hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I ſet myſel;

But

But whether ſhe had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on *Willie*'s *mill*,
Setting my ſtaff wi' a' my ſkill,
To keep me ſicker;
Tho' leeward whyles, againſt my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
That pat me in an eerie ſwither;
An awfu' ſcythe, out-owre ae ſhouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-tae'd leiſter on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its ſtature ſeem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queereſt ſhape that e'er I ſaw,

For fient a wame it had ava;
And then its ſhanks,
They were as thin, as ſharp an' ſma'
As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been
'mawin,
'When ither folk are buſy ſawin*?'
It ſeem'd to mak a kind o' ſtan',
But naething ſpak;
At length, ſays I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
'Will ye go back?'

It ſpak right howe,—'My name is *Death*,
'But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith!
'Ye're maybe come to ſtap my breath;
'But tent me billie;
'I red ye weel, tak care o' ſkaith,
'See there's a gully!'

'Gudeman,'

* This rencounter happened in ſeed-time, 1785.

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
'I'm no deſign'd to try its mettle;
'But if I did, I wad be kittle
'To be miſlear'd,
'I wad na mind it, no that ſpittle
'Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' ſays I, 'a bargain be't;
'Come, gies your hand, an' ſae we're gree't;
'We'll eaſe our ſhanks an' tak a ſeat,
'Come, gies your news;
'This while * ye hae been mony a gate,
'At mony a houſe.'

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' ſhook his head,
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
'Sin I began to nick the thread,
'An' choke the breath:
'Folk

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

' Folk maun do ſomething for their bread,
' An' ſae maun *Death*.

' Sax thouſand years are near hand fled
' Sin I was to the butching bred,
' An' mony a ſcheme in vain's been laid,
' To ſtap or ſcar me;
' Till ane *Hornbook*'s * ta'en up the trade,
' An' faith, he'll waur me.

' Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
' Deil mak his king's-hood in a ſpleuchan!
' He's grown ſae weel acquaint wi' *Buchan* †
' An' ither chaps,
' The

* This gentleman, Dr *Hornbook*, is, profeſſionally, a brother of the ſovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inſpiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Phyſician.

† Buchan's Domeſtic Medicine.

he weans haud out their fingers laughin,
' And pouk my hips.

:e, here's a ſcythe, and there's a dart,
hey hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
ıt Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art
' And curſed ſkill,
ıs made them baith no worth a f—t,
' D-mn'd haet they'll kill!

'was but yeſtreen, nae farther gaen,
:hrew a noble throw at ane;
i' leſs, I'm ſure, I've hundreds ſlain;
' But deil ma-care,
juſt play'd dirl on the bane,
' But did nae mair.

rnbook was by, wi' ready art,
d had ſae fortify'd the part,
' That

‘ That when I looked to my dart,
‘ It was ſae blunt,
‘ Fient haet o’t wad hae pierc’d the heart
‘ Of a kail-runt.

‘ I drew my ſcythe in ſic a fury,
‘ I nearhand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
‘ But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
‘ Withſtood the ſhock;
‘ I might as weel hae try’d a quarry
‘ O’ hard whin rock.

‘ Ev’n them he canna get attended,
‘ Altho’ their face he ne’er had kend it,
‘ Juſt —— in a kail-blade, and ſend it,
‘ As ſoon’s he ſmells’t,
‘ Baith their diſeaſe, and what will mend it,
‘ At once he tells’t.

‘ And

' And then a' doctor's ſaws and whittles,
' Of a' dimenſions, ſhapes, an' mettles,
' A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
' He's ſure to hae ;
' Their Latin names as faſt he rattles
' As A B C.

' Calces o' foſſils, earths, and trees ;
' True Sal-marinum o' the ſeas ;
' The Farina of beans and peaſe,
' He has't in plenty ;
' Aqua-fontis, what you pleaſe,
' He can content ye.

' Forbye ſome new, uncommon weapons,
' Urinus Spiritus of Capons ;
' Or Mite-horn ſhavings, filings, ſcrapings,
' Diſtill'd *per ſe ;*
' Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail-clippings,
' And mony mae.'

' Waes

'Waes me for *Johnny Ged*'s *Hole** now,'
Quoth I, 'if that thae news be true!
'His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
'Sae white and bonie,
'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
'They'll ruin *Johnie*!'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And ſays, 'Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
'Kirkyards will ſoon be till'd eneugh,
'Tak ye nae fear:
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a ſheugh,
'In twa-three year.

'Whare I kill'd ane a fair ſtrae death,
'By loſs o' blood or want of breath,
'This night I'm free to tak my aith,
'That *Hornbook*'s ſkill
'Has

* The grave-digger.

' Has clad a ſcore i' their laſt claith,
' By drap an' pill.

' An honeſt Wabſter to his trade,
' Whaſe wife's twa nieves were ſcarce weel
' bred,
' Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
' When it was fair;
' The wife ſlade cannie to her bed,
' But ne'er ſpak mair.

' A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
' Or ſome curmurring in his guts,
' His only ſon for *Hornbook* ſets,
' An' pays him well.
' The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
' Was Laird himſel.

' A bonie laſs, ye kend hêr name,
' Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame;
' She

' She truſts herſel, to hide the ſhame,
' In *Hornbook*'s care ;
' *Horn* ſent her aff to her lang hame,
' To hide it there.

' That's juſt a ſwatch o' *Hornbook*'s way ;
' Thus goes he on from day to day,
' Thus does he poiſon, kill, an' ſlay,
' An's weel paid for't ;
' Yet ſtops me o' my lawfu' prey,
' Wi' his d-mn'd dirt ;

' But, hark ! I'll tell you of a plot,
' Tho' dinna ye be ſpeakin o't ;
' I'll nail the ſelf-conceited Sot,
' As dead's a herrin ;
' Nieſt time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
' He gets his fairin !'

But

But juſt as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer ſtrak the bell
Some wee ſhort hour ayont the *twal,*
Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd myſel,
And ſae did *Death.*

THE

BRIGS OF AYR,

A

POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. B**********, ESQ. *AYR.*

THE ſimple Bard, rough at the ruſtic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thruſh,
Hailing the ſetting ſun, ſweet, in the green thorn buſh;

The

'he ſoaring lark, the perching red-breaſt
ſhrill,
)r deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whiſtling
o'er the hill;
hall he, nurſt in the Peaſant's lowly ſhed,
'o hardy Independence bravely bred,
)y early Poverty to hardſhip ſteel'd,
ınd train'd to arms in ſtern Misfortune's
field;
hall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
'he ſervile, mercenary Swiſs of rhymes?
)r labour hard the panegyric cloſe,
Vith all the venal ſoul of dedicating Proſe!
Jo! though his artleſs ſtrains he rudely
ſings,
ınd throws his hand uncouthly o'er the
ſtrings,
Ie glows with all the ſpirit of the Bard,
'ame, honeſt fame, his great, his dear re-
ward.

Still, if ſome Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the ſecret, to beſtow with grace;
When B********* befriends his humble name,
And hands the ruſtic ſtranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful boſom ſwells,
The godlike bliſs, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the ſtacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape ſecure the toil-won crap;
Potato-bings are ſnugged up frae ſkaith
Of coming Winter's biting, froſty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their ſummer toils,
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious ſpoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in maſſive waxen piles,

Are

'e doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the
weak,
ıe death o' devils ſmoor'd wi' brimſtone
reek:
he thundering guns are heard on ev'ry ſide,
he wounded coveys, reeling, ſcatter wide;
he feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's
tie,
res, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
nd execrates man's ſavage, ruthleſs deeds!)
ae mair the flow'r in field or meadow ſprings;
ae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
xcept perhaps the Robin's whiſtling glee,
roud o' the height o' ſome bit half-lang tree:
he hoary morns precede the ſunny days,
lild, calm, ſerene, wide-ſpreads the noon-
tide blaze,
/hile thick the goſſamour waves wanton in
the rays.

'Twas in that ſeaſon, when a ſimple Bard,
Unknown and poor, ſimplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
By whim inſpir'd, or haply preſt wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by *Simpſon*'s * wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witneſs what I after ſhall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why),
The drowſy *Dungeon-clock* † had number'd two,
And *Wallace Tow'r* † had ſworn the fact was true:

The

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

† The two ſteeples.

ıe tide-ſwoln Firth, with ſullen-ſounding roar,
ırough the ſtill night daſh'd hoarſe along the ſhore:
ll elſe was huſh'd as Nature's cloſed e'e;
he ſilent moon ſhone high o'er tow'r and tree:
he chilly froſt, beneath the ſilver beam,
ept, gently-cruſting, o'er the glittering ſtream.——

hen, lo! on either hand the liſt'ning Bard,
he clanging ſugh of whiſtling wings is heard;
wo duſky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
vift as the *Gos** drives on the wheeling hare;
ne on th' *Auld Brig* his airy ſhape uprears,
he ither flutters o'er the *riſing piers:*

* The goſ-hawk, or falcon.

Our warlock Rhymer inſtantly deſcry'd
The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preſide.
(That Bards are ſecond-ſighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the ſp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them).
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictiſh race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He ſeem'd as he wi' Time had warſtl'd lang,
Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buſkit in a braw new coat,
That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams*, got;
In's hand five taper ſtaves as ſmooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was ſtalking round with anxious ſearch,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;

It

chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
ıd e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
i' thieveleſs ſneer to ſee his modiſh mien,
e, down the water, gies him this guideen—

AULD BRIG.

doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae ſheep-
ſhank,
ıce ye were ſtreekit o'er frae bank to
bank!
ıt gin ye be a brig as auld a me,
ıo' faith that day, I doubt, ye'll never ſee;
ıere'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a
boddle,
me fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but ſhew your little menſe,
Juſt much about it wi' your ſcanty ſenſe;
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a ſtreet,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formleſs bulk o' ſtane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time?
There's men o' taſte wou'd tak the *Ducat-ſtream* *,
Tho' they ſhould caſt the vera ſark and ſwim,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of ſic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD

* A noted ford, juſt above the Auld Brig.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've ſtood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm ſair forfairn,
I'll be a *Brig*, when ye're a ſhapeleſs cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where ſprings the braw-
ling *Coil*,
Or ſtately *Lugar*'s moſſy fountains boil,
Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland
courſe,
Or haunted *Garpal** draws his feeble ſource,
Arous'd

* The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the Weſt of Scotland, where thoſe fancy ſcaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaiſts*, ſtill continue pertinaciouſly to inhabit.

Arous'd by bluſt'ring winds an' ſpotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the ſna-broo rowes;
While craſhing ice, borne on the roaring ſpeat,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from *Glenbuck* *, down to the *Ratton-Key* †,
Auld *Ayr* is juſt one lengthen'd, tumbling ſea;
Then down ye'll hurl,—deil nor ye never riſe!
And daſh the gumlie jaups up to the pouring ſkies.
A leſſon ſadly teaching, to your coſt,
That Architecture's noble art is loſt!

NEW

* The ſource of the river of Ayr.

† A ſmall landing-place above the large key.

NEW BRIG.

ne *Architecture*, trowth, I needs muſt ſay't o't!
he L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
ıunt, ghaſtly, ghaiſt-alluring edifices,
anging, with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
'er-arching mouldy, gloom-inſpiring coves,
ıpporting roofs fantaſtic, ſtony groves:
'indows and doors, in nameleſs ſculptures dreſt,
'ith order, ſymmetry, or taſte unbleſt;
ırms like ſome bedlam-Statuary's dream,
ıe craz'd creations of miſguided whim;
ırms might be worſhipp'd on the bended knee,
ıd ſtill the *ſecond* dread *command* be free,
ıeir likeneſs is not found on earth, in air, or ſea.

Manſions

Manſions that would diſgrace the building taſte
Of any maſon reptile, bird or beaſt;
Fit only for a doited Monkiſh race,
Or froſty maids forſworn the dear embrace,
Or Cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
That ſullen gloom was ſterling true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And ſoon may they expire, unbleſt with reſurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to ſhare my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy *Proveſes*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
Wha in the paths o' righteouſneſs did toil ay;

Ye

e dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
'o whom our moderns are but cauſey-cleaners;
'e godly *Councils* wha hae bleſt this town;
'e godly *Brethren* of the ſacred gown,
Vha meekly gae your *burdies* to the *ſmiters*;
And (what would now be ſtrange) ye *godly Writers*:
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye ſay or do!
How would your ſpirits groan in deep vexation,
To ſee each melancholy alteration;
And agonizing, curſe the time and place
When ye begat the baſe degen'rate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid ſtory!

Nae

Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-houſe;
But ſtaumrel, corky-headed, graceleſs Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
Wha waſte your weel-hain'd gear on d——d *new Brigs* and *Harbours!*

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've ſaid enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
As for your Prieſthood, I ſhall ſay but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a ſhot right kittle:
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuſe o' Magiſtrates might weel be ſpar'd:

To

To liken them to your auld-warld ſquad,
muſt needs ſay, compariſons are odd.
In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' ſcandal:
Nae mair the Council waddles down the ſtreet,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wiſe priggin owre hops an' raiſins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seiſins.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had ſhor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-ſenſe, for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity ſtept kindly in to aid them.

Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While ſimple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary ſhow,
By Hoſpitality with cloudleſs brow.

Next follow'd Courage with his martial ſtride,
From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts
hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair:*
Learning and Worth in equal meaſures trode,
From ſimple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode:
Laſt, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle
wreath,
To ruſtic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron inſtruments of death;
At ſight of whom our Sprites forgat their
kindling wrath.

THE

ORDINATION.

For ſenſe they little owe to frugal Heav'n.—
To pleaſe the Mob, they hide the little giv'n.

I.

K********** Wabſters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeſhie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations;
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your ſtations;

Then

Then aff to *B—gb—*'s in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II.

Curſt Common-ſenſe, that imp o' h-ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder * ;
But O******* aft made her yell,
An' R***** ſair miſca'd her ;
This day M'******* taks the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her !
He'll clap a *ſhangan* on her tail,
An' ſet the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

* Alluding to a ſcoffing ballad which was made on the admiſſion of the late Reverend and worthy Mr L——— to the Laigh Kirk.

III.

Mak haſte an' turn king David owre
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verſe come gie us four,
An' ſkirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a ſtoure,
Nae mair the knaves ſhall wrang her,
For Hereſy is in her pow'r,
And glorioufly ſhe'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceleſs *Ham** leugh at his Dad,
Which made *Canaan* a niger;

O

* Geneſis, ch. ix. ver. 22.

Or *Phineas* * drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour ;
Or *Zipporah* †, the ſcauldin jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That *ſtipend* is a carnal weed
He taks but for the faſhion ;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And puniſh each tranſgreſſion ;
Eſpecial, *rams* that croſs the breed,
Gie them ſufficient threſhin,
Spare them nae day.

VI.

* Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.

† Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

VI.

Now auld K********** cock thy tail,
And toſs thy horns fu' canty ;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale.
Becauſe thy paſture's ſcanty ;
For lapfu's large o' *goſpel kail*
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' *runts* o' *grace* the pick and wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel*'s *ſtreams* we'll weep,
To think upon our *Zion ;*
And hing our fiddles up to ſleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
Come, ſcrew the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin ;

Oh,

Oh, rare! to ſee our elbucks wheep,
And a' like lamb-tails flyin
Fu' faſt this day!

VIII.

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
Has ſhor'd the Kirk's undoin,
As lately *F—nw—ck*, ſair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin;
Our Patron, honeſt man! Gl*******,
He ſaw miſchief was brewin;
And like a godly elect bairn,
He's wal'd us out a true ane,
And found this day.

IX.

Now R******* harangue nae mair,
But ſteek your gab for ever:
Or try the wicked town of A**,
For there they'll think you clever:

Or,

Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver;
Or to the *N–th–rt–n* repair,
And turn a Carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

X.

M***** and you were juſt a match,
We never had ſic twa drones:
Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
Juſt like a winkin baudrons:
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons:
But now his Honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimſtone ſquadrons,
Faſt, faſt, this day.

XI.

See, ſee auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's ſwingein thro' the city;
Hark,

Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat ſhe plays!
I vow its unco pretty:
There, Learning, with his Greekiſh face,
Grunts out ſome Latin ditty;
And Common Senſe is gaun, ſhe ſays,
To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himſel,
Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;
See, how ſhe peels the ſkin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions!
Now there, they're packed aff to hell,
And baniſh'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

XIII.

XIII.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
Come bouſe about the porter !
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair ſind quarter :
M'*******, R*****, are the boys
That Hercſy can torture ;
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyſe,
And cow her meaſure ſhorter
By th' head ſome day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a concluſion,
To every *New-light* * mother's ſon,
From this time forth, Confuſion ;
If

* *New-light* is a cant phraſe, in the Weſt of Scotland, for thoſe religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended ſo ſtrenuouſly.

If mair they deave us with their din,
Or Patronage intruſion,
We'll light a ſpunk, and, ev'ry ſkin,
We'll rin them aff in fuſion
Like oil, ſome day.

THE

THE

CALF.

TO THE REV. MR ———

On his Text, MALACHI, ch. iv. ver. 2. " And they " ſhall go forth, and grow up, like CALVES of the " ſtall."

RIGHT Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Though Heretics may laugh;
For inſtance, there's yourſel juſt now,
God knows, an unco *Calf!*

And

And ſhould ſome Patron be ſo kind,
As bliſs you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're ſtill as great a *Stirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Pow'r,
You e'er ſhould be a *Stot!*

Tho', when ſome kind, connubial Dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of *horns*.

And in your lug, moſt reverend J——
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' ſenſe will doubt your claims
To rank amang the *nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a graffy hillock,
Wi' juftice they may mark your head—
'Here lies a famous *Bullock*!'

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

TO THE

DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war—
MILTON.

O Thou! whatever title ſuit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' ſootie,
Clos'd under hatches,

418909

Spairges about the brunſtane cootie,
To ſcaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm ſure ſma' pleaſure it can gie,
Ev'n to a *deil*,
To ſkelp an' ſcaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us ſqueel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor ſcaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles,

Whyles, on the ſtrong-wing'd tempeſt flyin,
Tirling the kirks;
Whyles, in the human boſom pryin,
Unſeen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* ſay,
In lanely glens ye like to ſtray;
Or where auld-ruin'd caſtles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* ſummon
To ſay her pray'rs, douce, honeſt woman!
Aft yont the dyke ſhe's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, ruſtlin, thro' the boortries comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The ſtars ſhot down wi' ſklentin light,
Wi' you, myſel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough:
Ye, like a raſh-buſs, ſtood in ſight,
Wi' waving ſugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did ſhake,
Each briſtl'd hair ſtood like a ſtake,
When, wi' an eldritch, ſtoor quaick, quaick,
Amang the ſprings,
Awa ye ſquatter'd, like a drake,
On whiſtling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They ſkim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked ſpeed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For, Oh! the yellow treaſure's taen
By witching ſkill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie*'s gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence myſtic knots mak great abuſe,
On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouſe;
When the beſt wark-lume i' the houſe,
By cantraip wit,
Is inſtant made no worth a louſe,
Juſt at the bit.

When thowes diſſolve the ſnawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
To their deſtruction.

An' aft your moſs-traverſing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curſt, miſchievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in ſome miry ſlough he ſunk is,
Ne'er mair to riſe.

When *Maſons* myſtic *word* an' *grip*,
In ſtorms an' tempeſts raiſe you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun ſtop,
Or, ſtrange to tell!
The youngeſt Brother ye wad whip
Aff ſtraught to h–ll.

Lang ſyne, in *Eden*'s bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers firſt were pair'd,
An' all the Soul of Love they ſhar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry ſwaird,
In ſhady bow'r:

Then

Then you, ye auld, ſnick-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradiſe incog.
An' play'd on man a curſed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a ſhog,
'Maiſt ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reeſtit gizz,
Ye did preſent your ſmoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' ſklented on the *man of Uzz*
Your ſpitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' houſe an' hall,
While ſcabs an' blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
Was warſt ava?

But

But a' your doings to rehearſe,
Your wily ſnares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin that day *Michael** did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erſe,
In proſe or rhyme.

And now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckleſs hour will ſend him linkin,
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!

Ye

* Vide MILTON, Book VI.

e aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *ſtake*—
m wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your ſake!

THE

THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

OF

POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

AS *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot ſhe cooſt a hitch,
An' owre ſhe warſl'd in the ditch:

There,

There, groaning, dying, ſhe did lie,
When *Hughoc* * he came doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor *Hughoc* like a ſtatue ſtan's;
He ſaw her days were near hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething ſpak;
At length poor *Mailie* ſilence brak.

'O thou, whaſe lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' caſe!
My *dying words* attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Maſter dear.

'Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a ſheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked ſtrings o' hemp or hair!

But

* A neibor herd-callan.

But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increaſe, an' grow
To ſcores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

'Tell him, he was a Maſter kin',
An' aye was guid to me and mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpleſs lambs I truſt them wi' him.

'O, bid him ſave their harmleſs lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themſel;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

'An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanreſtfu' *pets!*

To ſlink thro' ſlaps, an' reave an' ſteal,
At ſtacks o' peaſe, or ſtocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great Forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the ſheers:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

'My poor *toop-lamb*, my ſon an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beaſt,
To pit ſome havins in his breaſt!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To ſtay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menſeleſs, graceleſs, brutes.

'An' nieſt, my *yowie*, ſilly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether ſtring!

O,

O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blaſtit, moorland toop;
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' ſheep o' credit like thyſel!

'And now, my bairns, wi' my laſt breath,
I lea'e my bleſſin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

'Now, honeſt *Hughoc*, dinna fail
To tell my Maſter a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this curſed tether,
An', for thy pains, thou'ſe get my blether.'

This ſaid, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead.

POOR

POOR MAILIE'S

ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in proſe,
Wi' ſaut tears trickling down your noſe;
Our Bardie's fate is at a cloſe,
Paſt a' remead;
The laſt ſad cape-ſtane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

Its no the loſs o' warl's gear,
That could ſae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's loſt a friend and neebor dear,
In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun ſhe trotted by him;
A lang half-mile ſhe could deſcry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when ſhe did ſpy him,
She ran wi' ſpeed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat ſhe was a ſheep o' ſenſe,
An' could behave herſel wi' menſe;
I'll ſay't, ſhe never brak a fence,
Thro' thieviſh greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence
Sin' *Mailie*'s dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

was nae get o' moorland tips,
wted ket, an' hairy hips;
: forbears were brought in ſhips
Frae yont the *Tweed:*
er *fleeſh* ne'er croſs'd the clips
Than *Mailie*'s dead.

worth the man wha firſt did ſhape
le, wanchancie thing—*a rape!*
guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
in's bonnet wave wi' crape,
For *Mailie* dead.

ye Bards on bonie *Doon!*
a on *Ayr* your chanters tune!
oin the melancholious croon
O' *Robin*'s reed!
rt will never get aboon!
His *Mailie*'s dead!

TO

J. S****.

Friendſhip! Myſterious cement of the ſoul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and ſolder of Society!
I owe thee much.———

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the ſleeſt, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted ſtealth or rief,
Ye ſurely hae ſome warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a boſom yet was prief
Againſt your arts.

me, I ſwear by ſun an' moon,
r'ry ſtar that blinks aboon,
coſt me twenty pair o' ſhoon
Juſt gaun to ſee you;
r'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

: auld capricious carlin, Nature,
k amends for ſcrimpit ſtature,
ırn'd you off, a human creature
On her *firſt* plan,
her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man.*

now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
mie noddle's working prime,
cy yerkit up ſublime
Wi' haſty ſummon:
a leiſure-moment's time
To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to laſh;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' caſh;
Some rhyme to court the countra claſh,
An' raiſe a din;
For me, an *aim* I never faſh;
I rhyme for fun.

The ſtar that rules my luckleſs lot,
Has fated me the ruſſet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But in requit,
Has bleſt me wi' a random ſhot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a ſklent,
To try my fate in guid black *prent*;
But ſtill the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, 'Hoolie!
'I red you, honeſt man, tak tent!
'Ye'll ſhaw your folly.
'There's

ıere's ither poets, much your betters,
een in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,
thought they had enſur'd their debtors,
' A' future ages ;
moths deform in ſhapeleſs tatters,
' Their unknown pages.'

ı farewel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
land my poetic brows !
orth I'll rove where buſy ploughs
Are whiſtling thrang,
ch the lanely heights an' howes
My ruſtic ſang.

/ander on with tentleſs heed
ever-halting moments ſpeed,
e ſhall ſnap the brittle thread ;
Then, all unknown,
me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone !

But why o' Death begin a tale?
Juſt now we're living ſound and hale,
Then top and maintop croud the ſail,
Heave *Care* o'er-ſide!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, ſae far's I underſtand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where Pleaſure is the Magic Wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an'-forty's ſpeel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyleſs Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hoſtin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

When

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloa-
min,
Then fareweel vacant careleſs roamin;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' ſocial noiſe;
An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleaſant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pauſing Caution's leſſon ſcorning,
We friſk away,
Like ſchool-boys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the roſe upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;

And

And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry ſpot,
For which they never toil'd nor ſwat;
They drink the ſweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high diſdain.

With ſteady aim, ſome Fortune chaſe;
Keen hope does ev'ry ſinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And ſeize the prey:
Then canie, in ſome cozie place,
They cloſe the *day*.

And others, like your humble ſervan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads obſervin;

To right or left, eternal ſwervin,
They zig zag on;
Till curſt with age, obſcure an' ſtarvin,
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' ſtraining—
But truce with peeviſh, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light ſhe has remaining,
Let's ſing our ſang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs!' and warm implore,
'Tho' I ſhould wander *Terra* o'er,
'In all her climes,
'Grant me but this, I aſk no more,
'Ay rowth o' rhymes.

'Gie

'Gie dreeping roaſts to countra Lairds,
'Till icicles hing frae their beards;
'Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
'And Maids of Honor;
'And yill an' whiſky gie to Cairds,
'Until they ſconner.

'A Title, *Dempſter* merits it;
'A garter gie to *Willie Pitt*;
'Gie wealth to ſome be-ledger'd Cit,
'In cent. per cent.
'But give me real, ſterling Wit,
'And I'm content.

'While Ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
'I'll ſit down o'er my ſcanty meal,
'Be't *water-broſe* or *muſlin-kail*,
'Wi chearfu' face,
'As lang's the Muſes dinna fail
'To ſay the grace.'

An

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my noſe;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Proſe,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideleſs-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are juſt a ſtanding pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hair-brain'd, ſentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameleſs faces!
In *arioſo* trills and graces
Ye never ſtray,
But *graviſſimo*, ſolemn baſſes
Ye hum away.

Ye are ſae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wiſe*;
Nae ferly tho' ye do deſpiſe
The hairum-ſcairum ram-ſtam boys,
The rattlin ſquad:
I ſee you upward caſt your eyes—
—Ye ken the road.—

Whilſt I—but I ſhall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll ſcarce gang *ony where*—
Then, *Jamie*, I ſhall ſay nae mair,
But quat my ſang,
Content wi' *You* to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

A

DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reaſon;
But ſurely Dreams *were ne'er indicted Treaſon.*

[On reading, in the public papers, the *Laureat's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4. 1786, the Author was no ſooner dropt aſleep, than he imagined himſelf tranſported to the Birth-day Levee; and in his dreaming fancy, made the following *Addreſs*].

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majeſty*,
May heav'n augment your bliſſes,

On

On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye ſee,
A humble Poet wiſhes!
My Bardſhip here, at your Levee,
On ſic a day as this is,
Is ſure an uncouth ſight to ſee,
Amang thae Birth-day dreſſes
Sae fine this day.

II.

I ſee ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord and lady;
'God ſave the King!' 's a cuckoo ſang
That's unco eaſy ſaid ay;
The *Poets*, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring ſteady,
On ſic a day.

III.

For me! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter;
For neither Penſion, Poſt, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
Your Kingſhip to beſpatter;
There's monie waur been o' the Race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my ſov'reign King,
My ſkill may weel be doubted:
But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be diſputed:

Your Royal Neſt, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the ſtring,
An' leſs, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aſpire
To blame your Legiſlation,
Or ſay, ye wiſdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
Ye've truſted Miniſtration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their ſtation
Than courts yon day.

VI.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
Her broken ſhins to plaiſter;
Your ſair taxation does her fleece,
Till ſhe has ſcarce a teſter;
For me, thank God, my life's a *leaſe*,
Nae *bargain* wearing faſter,
Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geeſe,
I ſhortly booſt to paſture
I' the craft ſome day.

VII.

I'm no miſtruſting *Willie Pitt*,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' *Will*'s a true guid fallow's Get,
A Name not Envy ſpairges),

That he intends to pay your debt,
An' leſſen a' your charges;
But, G–d-ſake! let nae *ſaving-fit*
Abridge your bonie Barges
An' Boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege!* may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for diſſection!
But ſince I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your *Queen*, with due reſpect,
My fealty an' ſubjection
This great Birth-day.

IX.

IX.

Hail, *Majeſty Moſt Excellent!*
While Nobles ſtrive to pleaſe Ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A ſimple Poet gies Ye?
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze Ye
In bliſs, till Fate ſome day is ſent,
For ever to releaſe Ye
Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young Potentate o' W——,
I tell your *Highneſs* fairly,
Down Pleaſure's ſtream, wi' ſwelling ſails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But ſome day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curſe your folly ſairly,

That e'er ye brak *Diana*'s pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*,
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowte*'s been known
To mak a noble *Aiver*;
So, ye may doucely fill a Throne,
For a' their cliſh-ma-clayer:
There, Him * at *Agincourt* wha ſhone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John* †,
He was an unco ſhaver
For monie a day.

XII.

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falſtaff, *Vide* Shakeſpeare.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O———,
Nane ſets the *lawn-ſleeve* ſweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dreſs completer:
As ye diſown yon paughty dog
That bears the Keys of Peter,
Then, ſwith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth! ye'll ſtain the Mitre
Some luckleſs day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her;
A glorious *Galley* *, ſtem an' ſtern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus* barter;

* Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain Royal Sailor's amour.

But firſt hang out, that ſhe'll diſcern,
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An', large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, laſtly, bonie bloſſoms a',
Ye royal Laſſes dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:
But ſneer na *Britiſh boys* awa',
For Kings are unco ſcant ay;
An' German Gentles are but *ſma'*,
They're better juſt than *want ay*
On onie day.

XV.

God bleſs you a'! conſider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet;

Bu

But ere the *courſe* o' life be through,
It may be bitter ſautet:
An' I hae ſeen their *coggie* fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the *day* was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.

THE

THE

VISION.

DUAN FIRST*.

THE ſun had clos'd the winter day,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green,
While

* *Duan*, a term of Oſſian's for the different diviſions of a digreſſive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2. of M'Pherſon's Tranſlation.

While faithleſs ſnaws ilk ſtep betray
Whare ſhe has been.

The Threſher's weary *flingin-tree*
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the Day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the Weſt,
Ben i' the *Spence*, right penſivelie,
I gaed to reſt.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I ſat and ey'd the ſpewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoaſt-provoking ſmeek,
The auld, clay biggin;
An' heard the reſtleſs rattons ſqueak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, miſty clime,
I backward mus'd on waſted time,

How

How I had ſpent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But ſtringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to ſing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or ſtrutted in a Bank an' clarkit
My caſh-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-ſarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I ſtarted, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To ſwear by a' yon ſtarry roof,
Or ſome raſh aith,
That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my laſt breath—

When click! the ſtring the ſnick did draw:
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I ſaw,
Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandiſh *Hizzie*, braw,
Come full in ſight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whiſht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was cruſht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been duſht
In ſome wild glen;
When ſweet, like modeſt Worth, ſhe bluſht,
And ſtepped ben.

Green, ſlender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*
Were twiſted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for ſome *Scottiſh Muſe*,
By that ſame token;
An' come to ſtop thoſe reckleſs vows,
Wou'd ſoon been broken.

A 'hair-brain'd ſentimental trace'
Was ſtrongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, ruſtic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty ſpace,
Beam'd keen with Honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan ſheen,
Till half a leg was ſcrimply ſeen;
And ſuch a leg! my bonie *Jean*
Could only peer it;
Sae ſtraught, ſae taper, tight and clean,
Nane elſe came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greeniſh hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep *lights* and *ſhades*, bold-mingling, threw
A luſtre grand;
And ſeem'd, to my aſtoniſh'd view,
A *well known* Land.

Her

Here, rivers in the ſea were loſt;
There, mountains to the ſkies were toſt:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coaſt,
With ſurging foam;
There, diſtant ſhone Art's lofty boaſt,
The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd
floods;
There, well-fed *Irwine* ſtately thuds:
Auld hermit *Ayr* ſtaw thro' his woods,
On to the ſhore;
And many a leſſer torrent ſcuds,
With ſeeming roar.

Low, in a ſandy valley ſpread,
An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottiſh ſtory read,
She boaſts a Race,

To

To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And poliſh'd grace.

By ſtately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold ſtems of Heroes, here and there,
I could diſcern;
Some ſeem'd to muſe, ſome ſeem'd to dare,
With feature ſtern.

My heart did glowing tranſport feel,
To ſee a Race * heroic wheel,
And brandiſh round the deep-dy'd ſteel
In ſturdy blows;
While back-recoiling ſeem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes.

Hi

* The Wallaces.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR *, mark him well!
Bold *Richardton*'s † heroic ſwell;
The chief on *Sark* ‡ who glorious fell,
In high command;
And *He* whom ruthleſs Fates expell
His native land.

There,

* William Wallace.

† Adam Wallace of Richardton, couſin to the immortal Preſerver of Scottiſh Independence.

‡ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was ſecond in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

There, where a ſceptr'd *Pictiſh* ſhade *
Stalk'd round his aſhes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
In colours ſtrong;
Bold, ſoldier-featur'd, undiſmay'd
They ſtrode along.

† Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for Friendſhip or for Love,
In muſing mood)
An *aged Judge*, I ſaw him rove,
Diſpenſing good.

With

* Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the diſtrict of Kyle is ſaid to take its name, lies buried, as tradition ſays, near the family-ſeat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial place is ſtill ſhown.

† Barſkimming, the ſeat of the Lord Juſtice-Clerk.

* With deep-ſtruck reverential awe
The learned *Sire* and *Son* I ſaw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its ſource and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward † I well could ſpy,
Beneath old *Scotia*'s ſmiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low ſtanding by,
To hand him on,
Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero ſhone.

* Catrine, the ſeat of the late Doctor, and preſent Profeſſor Stewart.

† Colonel Fullarton.

DUAN SECOND.

With muſing-deep, aſtoniſh'd ſtare,
I view'd the heavenly-ſeeming *Fair;*
A whiſp'ring throb did witneſs bear
Of kindred ſweet,
When with an elder Siſter's air
She did me greet.

'All hail! my own inſpired Bard!
'In me my native Muſe regard!
'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
'Thus poorly low!
'I come to give thee ſuch reward
'As we beſtow.

'Know, the great *Genius* of this Land
'Has many a light, aërial band,

'Wh

' Who, all beneath his high command,
' Harmoniouſly,
' As Arts or Arms they underſtand,
' Their labours ply.

' They *Scotia*'s race among them ſhare;
' Some fire the Soldier on to dare;
' Some rouſe the Patriot up to bare
' Corruption's heart:
' Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
' The tuneful art,

' 'Mong ſwelling floods of reeking gore,
' They ardent, kindling ſpirits pour;
' Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
' They, ſightleſs, ſtand,
' To mend the honeſt Patriot-lore,
' And grace the hand.

‘ And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
‘ Charm or inſtruct the future age,
‘ They bind the wild, Poetic rage
‘ In energy,
‘ Or point the inconcluſive page
‘ Full on the eye.

‘ Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young;
‘ Hence *Dempſter*'s zeal-inſpired tongue;
‘ Hence, ſweet harmonious *Beattie* ſung
‘ His “ Minſtrel lays;”
‘ Or tore, with noble ardour ſtung,
‘ The *Sceptic*'s bays.

‘ To lower orders are aſſign'd
‘ The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
‘ The ruſtic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
‘ The Artiſan;
‘ All chuſe, as various they're inclin'd,
‘ The various man.

‘ Wher

' When yellow waves the heavy grain,
' The threat'ning ſtorm ſome, ſtrongly, rein;
' Some teach to meliorate the plain,
' With tillage-ſkill;
' And ſome inſtruct the Shepherd-train,
' Blythe o'er the hill.

' Some hint the Lover's harmleſs wile;
' Some grace the Maiden's artleſs ſmile;
' Some ſooth the Lab'rer's weary toil,
' For humble gains,
' And make his cottage-ſcenes beguile
' His cares and pains.

' Some, bounded to a diſtrict-ſpace,
' Explore at large Man's infant race,
' To mark the embryotic trace
' Of *ruſtic Bard;*
' And careful note each op'ning grace,
' A guide and guard.

'*Of theſe am I—Coila* my name;
'And this diſtrict as mine I claim,
'Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
'Held ruling pow'r;
'I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
'Thy natal hour.

'With future hope, I oft would gaze,
'Fond, on thy little early ways,
'Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phraſe,
'In uncouth rhymes,
'Fir'd at the ſimple, artleſs lays
'Of other times.

'I ſaw thee ſeek the ſounding ſhore,
'Delighted with the daſhing roar;
'Or when the North his fleecy ſtore
'Drove thro' the ſky,
'I ſaw grim Nature's viſage hoar
'Struck thy young eye.

'Or

' Or when the deep green-mantl'd Earth
' Warm cheriſh'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
' And joy and muſic pouring forth
' In ev'ry grove,
' I ſaw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
' With boundleſs love.

' When ripen'd fields, and azure ſkies,
' Call'd forth the Reapers' ruſtling noiſe,
' I ſaw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
' And lonely ſtalk,
' To vent thy boſom's ſwelling riſe
' In penſive walk.

' When youthful Love, warm-bluſhing ſtrong,
' Keen-ſhivering ſhot thy nerves along,
' Thoſe accents, grateful to thy tongue,
' Th' adored *Name*,
' I taught thee how to pour in ſong,
' To ſoothe thy flame.

'I ſaw thy pulſe's maddening play,
'Wild ſend thee Pleaſure's devious way,
'Miſled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
'By Paſſion driven;
'But yet the *light* that led aſtray
'Was *light* from Heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting ſtrains,
'The loves, the ways of ſimple ſwains,
'Till now, o'er all my wide domains
'Thy fame extends;
'And ſome, the pride of *Coïla*'s plains,
'Become thy friends.

'Thou canſt not learn, nor can I ſhow,
'To paint with *Thomſon*'s landſcape glow;
'Or wake the boſom-melting throe,
'With *Shenſtone*'s art;
'Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
'Warm on the heart.

'Ye

' Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Roſe,
' The lowly Daiſy ſweetly blows;
' Tho' large the foreſt's Monarch throws
' His army ſhade,
' Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
' Adown the glade.

' Then never murmur nor repine;
' Strive in thy humble ſphere to ſhine;
' And truſt me, not *Potoſi*'s mine,
' Nor King's regard,
' Can give a bliſs o'ermatching thine,
' A *ruſtic Bard.*

' To give my counſels all in one,
' Thy tuneful flame ſtill careful fan;
' Preſerve *the Dignity of Man,*
' With ſoul erect;
' And truſt, the *Univerſal Plan*
' Will all protect.

' *And*

'*And wear thou this*'—ſhe ſolemn ſaid,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The poliſh'd leaves, and berries red,
Did ruſtling play;
And, like a paſſing thought, ſhe fled
In light away.

ADDRES

ADDRESS

TO THE

UNCO GUID,

OR THE

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My ſon, theſe Maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither;
The Rigid Righteous *is a fool,*
The Rigid Wiſe *anither:*
The cleaneſt corn that e'er was dight
May hae ſome pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature ſlight
For random fits o' daffin.
SOLOMON.—Eccleſ. ch. vii. ver. 16.

I.

O YE wha are ſae guid yourſel,
Sae pious and ſae holy,

Ye've

Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebour's fauts and folly!
Whaſe life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' ſtore o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing ſtill,
And ſtill the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counſel for poor mortals,
That frequent paſs douce Wiſdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtleſs, careleſs ſakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donſie tricks, their black miſtakes,
Their failings and miſchances.

III.

Ye ſee your ſtate wi' their's compar'd,
And ſhudder at the niffer,

But caſt a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ;
Diſcount what ſcant occaſion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your caſtigated pulſe
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings muſt his veins convulſe,
That ſtill eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye ſcud your ſea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to ſail,
It maks an unco leeway.

V.

See Social-life and Glee ſit down,
All joyous and unthinking,

Till

Till, quite tranſmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they ſtay to calculate
Th' eternal conſequences;
Or your more dreaded h–ll to ſtate,
D–mnation of expences!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
Suppoſe a change o' caſes;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience ſnug
A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whiſper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently ſcan your brother Man,
Still gentler ſiſter Woman;

Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To ſtep aſide is human:
One point muſt ſtill be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it:
And juſt as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each ſpring its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjuſt it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *reſiſted.*

TAM SAMSON'S*

ELEGY.

An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.
POPE.

HAS auld K********** ſeen the Deil?
Or great M'******** † thrawn his heel?

Or

* When this worthy old Sportſman went out laſt muirfowl ſeaſon, he ſuppoſed it was to be, in Oſſian's phraſe, 'the laſt of his fields;' and expreſſed an ardent wiſh to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author compoſed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. *Vide* the ORDINATION, p. 85.

Or R******** † again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
'*Tam Samſon*'s dead!'

K********** lang may grunt an' grane,
An' ſigh, an' ſab, an' greet her lane,
An' clead her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To Death, ſhe's dearly paid the kane,
Tam Samſon's dead!

The Brethren of the myſtic *level*
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their noſe the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;

† Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing. For him ſee alſo the ORDINATION, ſtanza IX.

Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
Tam Samſon's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock,
When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
Wi' gleeſome ſpeed,
Wha will they ſtation at the *cock*,
Tam Samſon's dead ?

He was the king o' a' the Core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the ring like *Jehu* roar
In time of need ;
But now he lags on Death's *bog-ſcore*,
Tam Samſon's dead !

Now ſafe the ſtately Sawmont ſail,
And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimſon hail,
And Eels weel ken'd for ſouple tail,
And Geds for greed,

Sinc

Since dark in Death's *fiſh-creel* we wail
Tam Samſon dead!

Rejoice ye birring Paitricks a';
Ye cootie Moorcocks, crouſely craw;
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withoutten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa',
Tam Samſon's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in ſhootin graith adorn'd,
While Pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samſon's dead!

In vain Auld-age his body batters;
In vain the Gout his ancles fetters;

In vain the burns came down like waters,
An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
Tam Samſon's dead!

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
An ay the tither ſhot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samſon's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-ſwagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did ſtagger;
Tam Samſon's dead!

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk Sportſman-youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray ſtane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samſon's dead!

There, low he lies, in laſting reſt;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breaſt
Some ſpitefu' muirfowl bigs her neſt,
To hatch an' breed:
Alas! nae mair he'll them moleſt!
Tam Samſon's dead!

When Auguſt winds the heather wave,
And Sportſmen wander by yon grave,
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave
O' pouther an' lead,
Till Echo anſwer frae her cave,
Tam Samſon's dead!

Heav'n reſt his ſaul, whare'er he be !
Is th' wiſh o' mony mae than me :
He had twa fauts, or may be three,
Yet what remead ?
Ae ſocial, honeſt man want we :
Tam Samſon's dead !

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting Zealots, ſpare him !
If Honeſt Worth in Heav'n riſe,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the ſtreets an' neuks o' *Killie* *,
Tell ev'ry ſocial, honeſt billie
To ceaſe his grievin,
For yet, unſkaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samſon's *livin.*

* *Killie* is a phraſe the country-folks ſometimes uſe for the name of a certain town in the Weſt.

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough underſtood; but for the ſake of thoſe who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the ſcene is caſt, NOTES are added, to give ſome account of the principal Charms and Spells of that Night, ſo big with Prophecy to the Peaſantry in the Weſt of Scotland. The paſſion of prying into Futurity makes a ſtriking part of the Hiſtory of Human Nature in its rude ſtate, in all ages and nations; and it may be ſome entertainment to a philoſophic mind, if any ſuch ſhould honour the Author with a peruſal, to ſee the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

HALLOWEEN*.

Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud diſdain,
The ſimple pleaſures of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art.
GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night, when Fairies light,
On *Caſſilis Downans* † dance,

Or

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other miſchief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly thoſe aerial people, the Fairies, are ſaid, on that night, to hold a grand Anniverſary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient ſeat of the Earls of Caſſilis.

Or owre the lays, in ſplendid blaze,
On ſprightly courſers prance;
Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the Moon's pale beams;
There, up the *Cove* *, to ſtray an' rove
Amang the rocks an' ſtreams
To ſport that night.

II.

Amang the bony, winding banks,
Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
Where BRUCE † ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' ſhook his *Carrick* ſpear,
Some

* A noted cavern near Colean-houſe, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Caſſilis Downans, is famed, in country ſtory, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the anceſtors of ROBERT, the great Deliverer of his Country, were Earls of Carrick.

Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their ſtocks,
An' haud their *Halloween*
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The laſſes feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' ſweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads ſae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' ſome wi' gabs,
Gar laſſes hearts gang ſtartin
Whiles faſt at night.

IV.

IV.

Then firſt and foremoſt, thro' the kail,
Their *ſtocks* * maun a' be ſought ance;
They ſteek their e'en, an' graip an' wale,
For muckle anes and ſtraught anes.

Poor

* The firſt ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They muſt go out, hand in hand, with eyes ſhut, and pull the firſt they meet with: Its being big or little, ſtraight or crooked, is prophetic of the ſize and ſhape of the grand object of all their ſpells—the huſband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, ſtick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taſte of the *cuſtoc*, that is, the heart of the ſtem, is indicative of the natural temper and diſpoſition. Laſtly, the ſtems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed ſomewhere above the head of the door; and the Chriſtian names of the people whom chance brings into the houſe, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in queſtion.

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
An' pow't, for want o' better ſhift,
A *runt* was like a ſow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, ſtraught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee-things, todlin, rin
Wi' ſtocks out-owre their ſhouther;
An' gif the *cuſtoc*'s ſweet or ſour,
Wi' joctelegs they taſte them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

VI.

The laſſes ſtaw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their *ſtalks o' corn* * ;
But Rab ſlips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn :
He grippet Nelly hard an' faſt ;
Loud ſkirl'd a' the laſſes ;
But her *tap-pickle* maiſt was loſt,
When kiutlin in the Fauſe-houſe †
Wi' him that night.

VII.

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three ſeveral times, a ſtalk of Oats. If the third ſtalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the ſtalk, the party in queſtion will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a Maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful ſtate, by being too green, or wet, the ſtack-builder, by means of old timber,

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits* *
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads and laſſes fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, ſide by ſide,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some ſtart awa, wi' ſaucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

ber, &c. makes a large apartment in his ſtack, with an opening in the ſide which is faireſt expoſed to the wind: this he calls a *Fauſe-houſe*.

* Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and laſs to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or ſtart from beſide one another, the courſe and iſſue of the Courtſhip will be.

VIII.

Jean ſlips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas, ſhe wadna tell;
But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
She ſays in to herſel:
He bleez'd owre her, an' ſhe owre him,
As they wad never mair part,
Till fuff! he ſtarted up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a ſair heart
To ſee't that night,

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
Was *brunt* wi' primſie Mallie;
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie:

Mall'

Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and ſwoor *by jing*,
'Twas juſt the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the Fauſe-houſe in her min',
She pits herſel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they ſweetly join,
Till white in aſe they're ſobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
She whiſper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, ſtownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unſeen that night.

XI.

But Merran ſat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gaſhin at their cracks,
And ſlips out by herſel:
She thro' the yard the neareſt taks,
An' to the kiln ſhe goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the *blue-clue** throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII.

* Whoever would, with ſucceſs, try this ſpell, muſt ſtrictly obſerve theſe directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot*, a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, ſomething will hold the thread; demand, *wha bauds?* i.e. who holds; and anſwer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Chriſtian name and Surname of your future Spouſe.

XII.

An' ay ſhe win't, an' ay ſhe ſwat,
I wat ſhe made nae jaukin;
Till ſomething held within the pat;
Guid L—d! but ſhe was quakin!
But whether 'twas the Deil himſel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin
To ſpier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie ſays,
'Will ye go wi' me, Graunie?
'I'll *eat the apple* * *at the glaſs*,
'I gat frae uncle Johnie:'

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking glaſs; eat an apple before it, and ſome traditions ſay, you ſhould comb

She ſuff't her pipe wi' ſic a lunt,
In wrath ſhe was ſae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worſet apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face!
'I daur you try ſic ſportin,
'As ſeek the foul Thief ony place,
'For him to ſpae your fortune:
'Nae doubt but ye may get a *fight!*
'Great cauſe ye hae to fear it;
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
'On ſic a night.

XV.

comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be ſeen in the glaſs, as if peeping over your ſhoulder.

XV.

'Ae Hairſt afore the Sherra-muir,
'I mind't as weel's yeſtreen,
'I was a gilpey then, I'm ſure
'I was na paſt fyfteen:
'The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
'An' ſtuff was unco green;
'An' ay a rantin kirn we gat,
'And juſt on *Halloween*
'It fell that night.

XVI.

'Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
'A clever, ſturdy fallow;
'His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
'That liv'd in Achmacalla:

'He gat *hemp-ſeed* *, I mind it weel,
'An' he made unco light o't;
'But monie a day was *by himſel*,
'He was ſae ſairly frighted
'That vera night.'

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An' he ſwoor by his conſcience,
That

* Steal out, unperceived, and ſow a handful of hemp-ſeed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, 'Hemp-'ſeed I ſaw thee, Hemp-ſeed I ſaw thee; and him (or 'her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and 'pou thee.' Look over your left ſhoulder, and you will ſee the appearance of the perſon invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions ſay, 'Come 'after me, and ſhaw thee,' that is, ſhew thyſelf; in which caſe, it ſimply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and ſay, 'Come after me, and harrow thee.'

That he could *ſaw hemp-ſeed* a peck;
For it was a' but nonſenſe;
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bad him ſlip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane ſee'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the ſtacks,
Tho' he was ſomething ſturtin;
The *graip* he for a *barrow* taks,
An' haurls at his curpin:
An' ev'ry now an' then, he ſays,
'Hemp-ſeed I ſaw thee,
'An' her that is to be my laſs,
'Come after me, and draw thee
'As faſt this night.'

XIX.

XIX.

He whiſtl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was ſae fley'd an' eerie:
Till preſently he hears a ſqueak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his ſhouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-ſhout,
In dreadfu' deſperation!
An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
An' hear the ſad narration:

He

He ſwoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till ſtop! ſhe trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but *Grumphie*,
Afteer that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* hae gaen,
To *winn three wechts o' naething* *;
But

* This charm muſt likewiſe be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if poſſible; for there is danger, that the *being*, about to appear, may ſhut the doors, and do you ſome miſchief. Then take that inſtrument uſed in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht*; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn againſt the wind. Repeat it three times; and, the third time, an apparition will paſs through the barn, in at the windy door, and out

But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the *barn* ſhe ſets,
In hopes to ſee Tam Kipples
That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threſhold ventures;
But firſt on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in ſhe enters:
A *ratton* rattl'd up the wa',
An' ſhe cry'd, L—d preſerve her!

An'

out at the other, having both the figure in queſtion, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or ſtation in life.

An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a'
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' faſt that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice;
They hecht him ſome fine braw ane;
It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice* *,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin;
He taks a ſwirlie, auld moſs-oak,
For ſome black, grouſome Carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a ſtroke,
Till ſkin in blypes came haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bear-ſtack*, and fathom it three times round. The laſt fathom of the laſt time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlen;
But, Och! that night, amang the ſhaws,
She gat a fearfu' ſettlin!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed ſcrievin,
Whare *three Lairds' lands met at a burn* *,
To dip her left ſark-ſleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a ſocial ſpell, to a ſouth running ſpring or rivulet, where 'three 'Lairds lands meet,' and dip your left ſhirt ſleeve. Go to bed in ſight of a fire, and hang your wet ſleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, ſome time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in queſtion, will come and turn the ſleeve, as if to dry the other ſide of it.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky ſcar it ſtrays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the ſpreading hazle,
Unſeen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or elſe an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:

Poor

Poor Leezie's heart maiſt lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height ſhe jumpit,
But miſt a fit, an' in the *pool*
Out-owre the lugs ſhe plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-ſtane,
The *Luggies* three * are ranged,
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
To ſee them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin *Mar's-year* did deſire,
Becauſe he gat the toom-diſh thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

* Take three diſhes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty; blindfold a perſon,

XXVIII.

Wi' merry ſangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their ſport were cheap an' cheary;
Till *butter'd Sowens* *, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-ſteerin;

Syne

perſon, and lead him to the hearth where the diſhes are ranged; he (or ſhe) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future huſband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty diſh, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the diſhes is altered.

* Sowens, with butter inſtead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper.*

Syne, wi' a ſocial glaſs o' ſtrunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

THE

THE

AULD FARMER's

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO HIS

AULD MARE, MAGGIE,

On giving her the accuſtomed Ripp of Corn to hanſel in the New Year.

A *Guid New-year* I wiſh thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've ſeen the day,

Thou could hae gaen like onie ſtaggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, ſtiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daiſy,
I've ſeen thee dappl't, ſleek, and glaizie,
A bony gray:
He ſhou'd been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremoſt rank,
A *filly* buirdly, ſteeve, an' ſwank,
An' ſet weel down a ſhapely ſhank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' cou'd hae flown out-owre a ſtank,
Like ony bird.

It's now ſome nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin thou was my Guid-father's *Meere;*
He

He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was ſma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was ſtark.

When firſt I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin wi' your Minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, ſlee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donſie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco ſonſie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonny *Bride*:
An' ſweet an' gracefu' ſhe did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
For ſic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a ſaumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win' !
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far, behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' ſkiegh,
An' ſtable-meals at Fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' ſnore, an' ſkriegh,
An' tak the road !
Town's bodies ran, an' ſtood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a Swallow :
At *Brooſes* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' ſpeed ;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The

The ſma', droop-rumpl'd, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But ſax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor ſpur, but juſt a wattle
O' ſaugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd ſax rood beſide our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliſkit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiſkit,
An' ſpread abreed thy weel-fill'd briſket,
Wi' pith and pow'r,
Till ſprittie knowes wad rair't and riſket,
An' ſlypet owre.

When froſts lay lang, an' ſnaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na ſleep
For that, or Simmer.

In cart or car thou never reeſtit;
The ſteyeſt brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, and ſten't, and breaſtit,
Then ſtood to blaw;
But juſt thy ſtep a wee thing haſtit,
Thou ſnoov't awa.

My *Pleugh* is now thy bairntime a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye ſax mae, I've ſell't awa,
That thou haſt nurſt:
They drew me threttteen pund an' twa,
The vera warſt.

Monie

Monie a ſair daurg we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy Age we're brought,
Wi' ſomething yet.

And think na, my auld, truſty Servan',
That now perhaps thou's leſs deſervin,
An' thy auld days may end in ſtarvin,
For my laſt *fow*,
A heapit *Stimpart*, I'll reſerve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To ſome hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' ſma' fatigue.

TO A

MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Neſt, with the Plough, November 1785.

WEE, ſleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beaſtie,
O, what a panic's in thy breaſtie!
Thou need na ſtart awa ſae haſty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chaſe thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle!*

I'm

I'm truly ſorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's ſocial union,
An' juſtifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee ſtartle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' *fellow mortal!*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then! poor beaſtie, thou maun live!
A *daimen icker* in a *thrave*
'S a ſma' requeſt:
I'll get a bleſſin wi' the lave,
And never miſs't!

Thy wee bit *houſie*, too, in ruin!
Its ſilly wa's the win's are ſtrewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds enſuin,
Baith ſnell and keen!

Thou

Thou ſaw the fields laid bare an' waſte,
An' weary Winter comin faſt,
An' cozie here, beneath the blaſt,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till cruſh! the cruel *coulter* paſt
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' ſtibble,
Has coſt thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But houſe or hald,
To thole the Winter's ſleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mouſie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foreſight* may be vain:
The beſt-laid ſchemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still

till thou are bleſt, compar'd wi' *me!*
e preſent only toucheth thee:
, Och! I backward caſt my e'e,
On proſpects drear!
forward, tho' I canna *ſee*,
I *gueſs* an' *fear!*

A

WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wherefoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitylefs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you,
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe.———

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp ſhivers thro' the leafleſs bow'r;

When

When *Phœbus* gies a ſhort-liv'd glow'r,
Far ſouth the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky ſhow'r,
Or whirling drift.

Ae night the Storm the Steeples rocked,
Poor Labour ſweet in ſleep was locked,
While burns, wi' ſnawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying ſwirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

Liſt'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or ſilly ſheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing ſprattle,
Beneath a ſcar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpleſs thing!
That, in the merry months o' Spring,
Delighted me to hear thee ſing,
What comes o' thee!
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' cloſe thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your ſavage homes exil'd,
The blood-ſtain'd rooſt, and ſheep-cote ſpoil'd
My heart forgets,
While pitileſs the tempeſt wild
Sore on you beats.

Now *Phœbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crouding thoughts, a penſive train,
Roſe in my ſoul,
When on my ear this plaintive ſtrain,
Slow ſolemn, ſtole—

'Blow

' Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier guſt!
' And freeze, thou bitter-biting Froſt!
' Deſcend, ye chilly, ſmothering Snows!
' Not all your rage, as now, united ſhows
' More hard unkindneſs, unrelenting,
' Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
' Than heav'n-illumin'd Man on brother Man
' beſtows!
' See ſtern Oppreſſion's iron grip,
' Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
' Sending, like blood-hounds from the ſlip,
' Woe, want, and murder, o'er a land!
' Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
' Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
' How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her ſide,
' The paraſite empoiſoning her ear,
' With all the ſervile wretches in the rear,
' Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;
' And eyes the ſimple ruſtic Hind,
' Whoſe toil upholds the glitt'ring ſhow,

' A creature of another kind,
' Some coarſer ſubſtance, unrefin'd,
' Plac'd for her lordly uſe thus far, thus vile,
' below !
' Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
' With Lordly Honor's lofty brow,
' The pow'rs you proudly own ?
' Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
' Can harbour, dark, the ſelfiſh aim,
' To bleſs himſelf alone !
' Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
' To love-pretending ſnares,
' This boaſted Honor turns away,
' Shunning ſoft Pity's riſing ſway,
' Regardleſs of the tears, and unavailing
' pray'rs !
' Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's ſqualid neſt,
' She ſtrains your infant to her joyleſs breaſt,
' And with a Mother's fears, ſhrinks at the
' rocking blaſt :

' Oh

' Oh ye! who, ſunk in beds of down,
' Feel not a want but what yourſelves
' create,
' Think, for a moment, on his wretched
' fate,
' Whom friends and fortune quite diſown!
' Ill-ſatisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call,
' Stretch'd on his ſtraw he lays himſelf to
' ſleep,
' While thro' the ragged roof and chinky
' wall,
' Chill, o'er his ſlumbers, piles the drifty
' heap!
' Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
' Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
' Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!
' But ſhall thy legal rage purſue
' The wretch, already cruſhed low,
' By cruel Fortune's undeſerved blow?

'Affliction's ſons are brothers in diſtreſs?
'A brother to relieve, how exquiſite the bliſs!'

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
Shook off the pouthery ſnaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rouſing craw.

But deep this truth impreſs'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The moſt reſembles God.

EPISTLE

TO

DAVIE,

A

BROTHER POET.

January——

I.

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
And bár the doors wi' driving ſnaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I ſet me down, to paſs the time,

 And

And ſpin a verſe or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely weſtlin jingle.
While frofty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the Great Folks' gift,
That live ſae bien an' ſnug:
I tent leſs, and want leſs
Their roomy fire-ſide;
But hanker and canker,
To ſee their curſed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being ſour,
To ſee how things are ſhar'd;
How beſt o' chiels are whiles in want,
While Coofs on countleſs thouſands rant,
And ken na how to wair't:

But *Davie*, lad, ne'er faſh your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
'Mair ſpear na, no fear na' *,
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The laſt o't, the warſt o't,
Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtleſs, great diſtreſs!
Yet then content could make us bleſt;
Ev'n then, ſometimes we'd ſnatch a taſte
Of trueſt happineſs.

* Ramſay.

The honeſt heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay ſome cauſe to ſmile,
And mind ſtill, you'll find ſtill,
A comfort this nae ſma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But either houſe or hal'!
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The ſweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when Daiſies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whiſtle clear,

With

With honeſt joy our hearts will bound,
To ſee the coming year:
On braes when we pleaſe, then,
We'll ſit and ſowth a tune;
Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
And ſing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchaſe peace and reſt;
It's no in makin muckle *mair;*
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly bleſt:
If Happineſs hae not her ſeat
And centre in the breaſt,
We may be wiſe, or rich, or great,
But never can be bleſt:

Nae

Nae treaſures, nor pleaſures,
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that ſic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceaſing toil;
Think ye, are we leſs bleſt than they,
Wha ſcarely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppreſs!
Or elſe, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in exceſs!
Baith careleſs, and fearleſs,
Of either Heav'n or Hell!
Eſteeming, and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

VII.

VII.

Then let us chearfu' acquieſce;
Nor make our ſcanty Pleaſures leſs,
By pining at our ſtate;
And, even ſhould Misfortunes come,
I, here wha ſit, hae met wi' ſome,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of Age to Youth;
They let us ken ourſel;
They make us ſee the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Tho' loſſes and croſſes,
Be leſſons right ſevere,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, Ace o' Hearts!
(To ſay aught leſs wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I deteſt),
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very beſt.
There's a' the *Pleaſures o' the Heart*,
The Lover an' the Frien';
Ye hae your *Meg*, your deareſt part,
And I my darling *Jean!*
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her *name;*
It heats me, it beets me,
And ſets me a' on flame!

IX.

IX.

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
O *Thou*, whoſe very ſelf art *love!*
Thou know'ſt my words ſincere!
The life-blood ſtreaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear Immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my ſoul of reſt,
Her dear idea brings relief
And ſolace to my breaſt.
Thou *Being*, All-ſeeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r;
Still take her, and make her
Thy moſt peculiar care!

X.

X.

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The ſmile of love, the friendly tear,
The ſympathetic glow;
Long ſince, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate ſtill has bleſt me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender ſtill.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific ſcene,
To meet with, and greet with
My *Davie* or my *Jean.*

XI.

XI.

O, how that *name* inſpires my ſtyle!
The words comes ſkelpin, rank and file,
Amaiſt before I ken!
The ready meaſure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen.
My ſpaviet *Pegaſus* will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and ſtilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit:
But leſt then, the beaſt then,
Should rue this haſty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His ſweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE

LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE

UNFORTUNATE ISSUE

OF A

FRIEND's AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodneſs wound itſelf!
And ſweet Affection *prove the ſpring of Woe.*
HOME.

I.

O Thou pale Orb, that ſilent ſhines,
While care-untroubled mortals ſleep!
Thou ſeeſt a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!

With

With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
  Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
  How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

II.

I joyleſs view thy rays adorn
  The faintly-marked, diſtant hill:
I joyleſs view thy trembling horn,
  Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be ſtill!
  Thou buſy pow'r, Remembrance, ceaſe!
Ah! muſt the agonizing thrill
  For ever bar returning Peace!

III.

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
  My ſad, love-lorn lamentings claim;

No ſhepherd's pipe—Arcadian ſtrains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft atteſted Pow'rs above;
The *promis'd Father's tender name;*
Theſe were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her claſping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown:
How have I wiſh'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear ſake, and her's alone!
And muſt I think it! is ſhe gone,
My ſecret heart's exulting boaſt?
And does ſhe heedleſs hear my groan?
And is ſhe ever, ever loſt?

V.

Oh! can ſhe bear ſo baſe a heart,
So loſt to Honor, loſt to Truth,

As

As from the fondeſt lover part,
The plighted huſband of her youth!
Alas! Life's path may be unſmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough diſtreſs!
Then, who her pangs and pains will ſoothe,
Her ſorrows ſhare, and make them leſs?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us paſt,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breaſt,
My fondly-treaſur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breaſt, how dreary now, and void,
For her too ſcanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope deſtroy'd,
And not a *Wiſh* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:

I ſee the hours in long array,
That I muſt ſuffer, lingering, ſlow,
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Muſt wring my ſoul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiſs the diſtant, weſtern main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-haraſs'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I ſlumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in ſore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From ſuch a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who o'er th' expanſe,
Now higheſt reign'ſt, with boundleſs ſway!

Oft

Oft has thy ſilent-marking glance
Obſerv'd us, fondly-wand'ring, ſtray!
The time, unheeded, ſped away,
While Love's luxurious pulſe beat high,
Beneath thy ſilver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh! ſcenes in ſtrong remembrance ſet!
Scenes, never, never, to return!
Scenes, if in ſtupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleaſure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeleſs, comfortleſs, I'll mourn
A faithleſs woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN

O D E.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppreſs'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I ſet me down and ſigh;

O Life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches, ſuch as I!
Dim-backward as I caſt my view,
What ſick'ning Scenes appear!
What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too juſtly I may fear!
Still caring, deſpairing,
Muſt be my bitter doom;
My woes here ſhall cloſe ne'er;
But with the cloſing tomb!

II.

Happy ye ſons of Buſy-life,
Who, equal to the buſtling ſtrife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wiſhed *end*'s deny'd,
Yet while the buſy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:

Whilſt I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry ſad returning night,
And joyleſs morn the ſame,
You buſtling, and juſtling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I liſtleſs, yet reſtleſs,
Find ev'ry proſpect vain.

III.

How bleſt the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beſide his cryſtal well!
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented ſtream,

The

The ways of men are diſtant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praiſing, and raiſing
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the ſolemn ſky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footſtep trac'd,
Leſs fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *juſt* to ſtop, and *juſt* to move,
With ſelf-reſpecting art:
But ah! thoſe pleaſures, Loves, and Joys,
Which I too keenly taſte,
The *Solitary* can deſpiſe,
Can want, and yet be bleſt!

He

He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilſt I here muſt cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtleſs Pleaſure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltleſs ſport,
Like linnets in the buſh,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wiſh!
The loſſes, the croſſes,
That *active man* engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining *Age!*

WINTER.

A

DIRGE.

I.

THE Wintry Weſt extends his blaſt,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the ſtormy North ſends driving forth
The blinding ſleet and ſnaw;

While

While tumbling brown, the Burn comes dc
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beaſt in covert reſt,
And paſs the heartleſs day.

II.

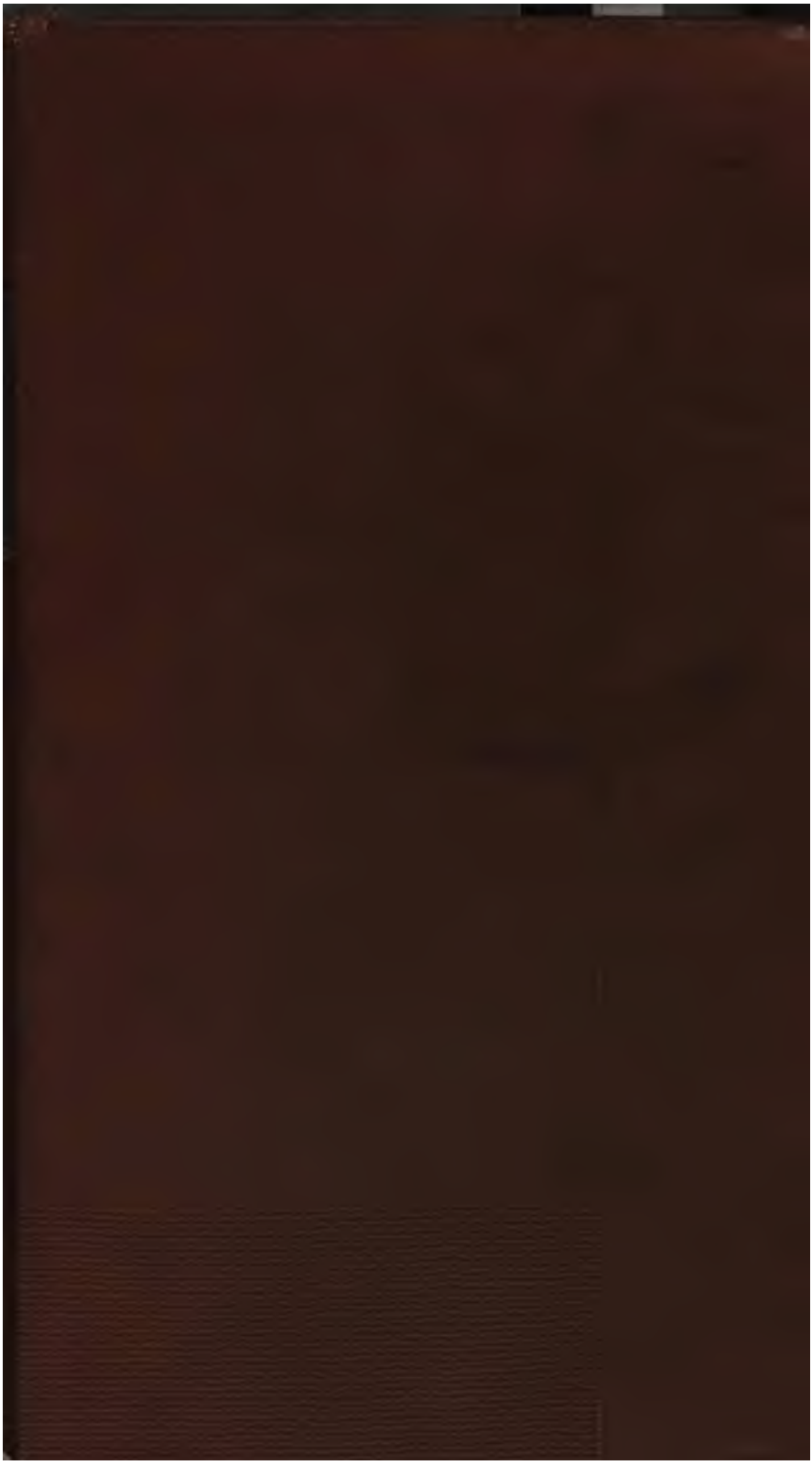
" The ſweeping blaſt, the ſky o'ercaſt *,"
The joyleſs Winter-day,
Let others fear,—to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The Tempeſt's howl, it ſoothes my ſoul,
My griefs it ſeems to join;
The leafleſs trees my fancy pleaſe,
Their fate reſembles mine!

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whoſe mighty ſcheme
Theſe woes of mine fulfil,

Her

* Dr Young.

Here, firm, I reſt, they *muſt* be beſt,
Becauſe they are *Thy* Will!
Then all I want—(O, do thou grant
This one requeſt of mine!)
Since to *enjoy* Thou doſt deny,
Aſſiſt me *reſign*.

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